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# the Lone Ranger

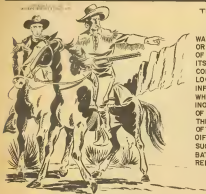


52 pages • ALL COMICS

# SCOUTS of the CAVALRY

## THE CIVILIAN SCOUT

LIKE ANY ARMY IN WARS, PUNITIVE EXPEDITIONS OR PATROLS, THE U. S. CAVALRY OF THE OLD WEST ALSO HAD ITS SCOUTS. CAVALRY COMMANDERS RELIED ON LOCAL HUNTERS FOR INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF HOSTILE INDIAN TRIBES, THEIR WAYS OF LIFE AND WARFARE. THESE QUIET PLAINSMEN OFTEN PROVED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SUCCESS OR DEFEAT IN BATTLES WITH THE RED MEN.



## THE INDIAN SCOUT

LIKE THE WHITE CIVILIAN HUNTER, THE INDIAN SCOUT PROVED A VALUABLE ASSET TO THE U. S. CAVALRY IN ITS FORAYS AGAINST REBELLIOUS INDIANS. AS A TRACKER, HE WAS SUPREME AND HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE INDIAN WAY OF THINKING LED THE TROOPERS TO MANY SMASHING VICTORIES.

CONSTANT INTER-TRIBAL WARFARE AND THE INHUMAN CRUELTY OF SOME CHIEFTAINS TURNED MANY INDIANS TO THE RELATIVE SECURITY OF THE WHITE MAN'S WAY OF LIFE. HENCE, HIS WILLINGNESS TO AID HIS NEW CHIEFTAINS IN ARMY BLUE AND CAVALRY YELLOW.



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# The LONE RANGER

DISPUTED TERRITORY



LOOK!  
WHAT THAT  
ON GROUND?

THAT'S A THEODOLITE, TONTO! IT  
BELONGS TO THE MEN WHO ARE  
SURVEYING FOR THE RAILROAD!  
WONDER WHY IT WAS LEFT HERE?



THERE  
RIGHT  
HERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TONTO! SOMEONE  
CAPTURED THE SURVEYOR AFTER  
A STRUGGLE! WE'LL TAKE THE  
INSTRUMENT TO TOWN!



GIVE THAT TO THE RAILROAD  
MEN AND SEE IF YOU CAN  
LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO  
THE SURVEYOR!



LOOK! THAT'S  
DICK JORDAN'S  
THEODOLITE!

NO WONDER WE HAVEN'T SEEN DICK  
SINCE YESTERDAY... THAT INDIAN  
MUST'VE JUMPED HIM!



IF YOU DON'T KILL  
DICK JORDAN, WHERE'D  
YOU GET THAT  
INSTRUMENT?

TONTO  
FIND-UM!

A  
LUCKY  
STORY!

WE'LL  
MAKE YOU  
TELL THE  
TRUTH!



IT CONTAINS GOVERNMENT DOCUMENTS! I WAS TAKING THEM TO THE BAR G BANCH WHERE I'M STAYING SO I COULD STUDY THEM THERE!

I'LL SEE YOU GET THESE EARLY, MARK! I BELIEVE YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME DESPITE MY MASK! TONTO WILL SEE THAT THIS FELLOW GETS TO JAIL!



AS THEY APPROACH THE BAR G... I'M JANE WYLLIE, THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR DEPT. WE AHEAD TO PREPARE THE HIBERNOS GRANT PAPERS FOR HIM!

DON'T THEY GRANT GIVE THE GOVERNMENT MOST OF THE LANDS THE NEW RAILROAD IS EXPECTED TO CROSS?



YES, BUT THE BELTIES HAVE TO CUT THROUGH PART OF THE LANDS OF REX DENVER THAT JUT INTO THE GRANT AREA! I WAS SENT TO CHECK IF DENVER REALLY OWNS THAT STRIP!

I'M SURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO EXAMINE THE PAPERS EARLY, NON-SCOOBY!



LATER... DENVER'S LANDS CUT INTO THE HIBERNOS GRANT TERRITORY FOR SOME TEN MILES! I THOUGHT WE OUGHT TO HAVE A LOOK!

HALT!



WHERE YUH AWIN' TO GO, MUSTER? TO A MASQUERADE WITH THAT MASK?

JUST RIDING!

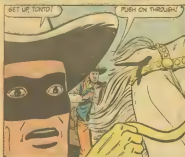
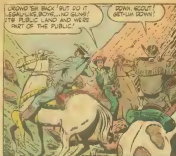
THEN RIDE BACK! THIS IS THE PRIVATE PROPERTY OF REX DENVER, LAMMOOSE!



THIS IS PUBLIC LAND! WE'LL REIN UP AND ENJOY THE VIEW!

AND WE'LL RIDE FORWARD AND KEEP YOU FROM SEEN' IT! MOVE IN ON 'EM, BOYS!





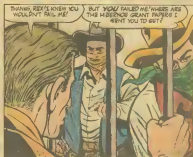


















THAT NIGHT THE MAIN DOOR AT THE BAR & BRANCH SUDDENLY  
OPENS...

I SEE A TRUNK AHEAD! IF  
THE PAPERS ARE HERE, THAT'S  
A LIKELY PLACE FOR 'EM!

MOVE FAST! I'LL STILL SAY  
THIS IS A DIRTY JOB!



DENVER SAYS HE GOT TO BE  
SURE HE GOT THE PAPER BE-  
CAUSE...! JUAN WERNER  
ALTER MY GRANT TO INCLUDE  
ALL THE LANDS TEN DEGREES  
NORTH OF THE RIVER!  
OK! ON KNOW WILL  
TO DRY RIVER!

NOW,  
TONTTO!



OWW!

OOF!



LIGHT THE  
LANTERN  
TONTTO!

OWW!...MY  
JAW!



THE WHIPPED  
MAN!

I KNOW DENVER SENT YOU AND  
THANKS FOR TELLING ME HE WAS  
PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN AN  
AMENDMENT TO THE  
ORIGINAL GRANT!

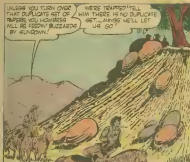


LOOK, MISTER I DON'T GAVVY  
WHO YOU ARE BUT DENVER WILL  
PAY PLENTY FOR THOSE DUPLICATE  
PAPERS! GIVE 'EM TO ME AND I'LL  
BRING BACK THE MONEY! HOLD  
RED AS HOSTAGE!

I DON'T  
MAKE DEALS  
WITH OUTLAWS!







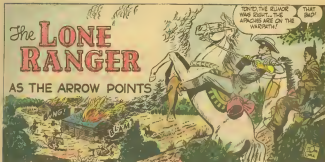






# The LONE RANGER

AS THE ARROW POINTS



**A MASKED MAN!**  
BUT YOU HELPED ME!  
EVEN YOU'RE OKAY!  
APACHES QUIT RESERVATION  
...ON WARPATH NOW!  
CAVALRY RODE SOUTH!

WHY DID THE CAVALRY  
GO SOUTH?



**MULTITUDE GANG...ORNER!**  
CUTTHROATS AND KILLERS...  
RAN CALIFORNIA-BOUND  
WAGON TRAINS...KILL AND  
LOOT! SUPPOSED TO BE  
SOUTH...TROOPS WENT  
TO CHASE 'EM!

WE'LL TAKE YOU  
TO TOWN BEFORE  
THE APACHES  
RETURN IN FORCE!



**SOON AFTER...**

YOU'D LEAVE ISOLATED  
MAN WITH DOCTOR!  
MUCH TALK IN TOWN  
OF APACHE RIDE!

WE'D BETTER BE ON  
THE WATCH, TONTO!  
WITH THE CAVALRY  
ARMY, THE APACHES ARE  
CERTAIN TO STRIKE OTHER  
SETTLERS! WE MAY BE ABLE  
TO WARN THEM IN TIME!



LOOK, TONTO! HOOFPRETS  
OF TWO HORSES!

HEAD RIDER ROTHWELL'S  
OF RED SMITH!



WE CUT INTO SEVERAL TEARDS  
EARLIER! AND IT WAS ALWAYS TWO  
RIDERS HEADING FOR RED SMITH!

APACHE NOT  
LEAVE TRACK!  
THESE HORROR  
SHOO!



THEY MAY BE HUNTERS! WE'LL  
FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL, AND ALERT  
THEM ABOUT THE APACHES!  
COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UP  
UP, SCOUT!



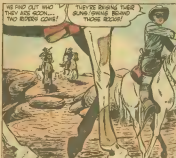
THIS RED BASSIN! THERE HUNTERS?  
MANY REMTONTO COUNT  
THIRTY HOURS!

THEY ARE WELL ARMED, TONTO HUNTERS  
**DON'T** CARRY TWO OR THREE GUNS  
EACH! WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY SEEM  
TO HAVE MET HERE BY PLAN!



WE FIND OUT WHO  
THEY ARE SOON...  
TWO RIDERS COME!

THEY'RE RISING THEIR  
GUNS/GUNS BEHIND  
THOSE ROCKS!



THEY FIRE AT  
US! THEN NOT  
HUNTERS!



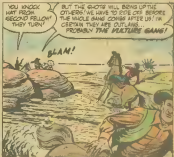
THEY ARE IN PISTOL RANGE NOW...  
FIRE TO TURN THEM BACK!

MY  
GUN!



YOU KNOCK  
HAY FROM  
SECOND FELLOW!  
THEY TURN!

BUT THE SHOTS WILL BRING UP THE  
OTHERS! WE HAVE TO RIDE OFF BEFORE  
THE WHOLE GANG COMES AFTER US! I'M  
CERTAIN THEY ARE OUTLAW...  
PROBABLY THE PICTURE GANG!











EYOW!

NEXT TIME WAGON MASTER, DON'T TRY TO SHOOT YOUR FRIENDS IN THE BACK!



WHY HE'S MASKED!

YOU ARE HEADING INTO A TOWN! YOU'D BETTER SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION IF YOU WANT ON LEADING THE TOWN THROUGH RED BASIN!



BLER, SOMEBODY I BELIEVE THAT THE MASKED RIDER AND THE INDIAN ARE TELLING THE TRUTH!

ONLY OUTLAWS WEAR MASKS! ARE YOU FOLKS GOIN' TO LISTEN TO AN INDIAN AND A RENEGADE?

NO! WE'LL FOLLOW YOU!



LATER...

CAP! I WAS AFRAID THE WAGONS WERE DELAYED! WE'RE READY FOR 'EM AT RED BASIN!

THERE'S PLENTY OF LOOT IN TRAPIN' SCODDS, MAKE JUST MAKE SURE THE VULTURES DON'T FIRE AT ME! THERE'S A CUTE GAL IN THE TRAIN... I'LL "RESCUE" HER!



IT'S A GOOD TRICK! YOU'LL BE THE ONLY TWO WHO'LL ESCAPE! A MASKED HOBBIER AND AN INDIAN SPOTTED US TODAY!

WEY TRIED TO BAIT THE WAGONS BACK... I CONVINCED THE FOLKS THEY'RE OUTLAWS! THEY CAN'T STOP US! I'LL MEET YOU THE SIDE OF THE RANGE AT NOON FOR A FINAL CHECK! ADIOS!

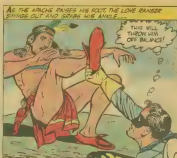


SOON AFTER TWO OTHER RIDERS MEET...

TOM'D NO FIND ANOTHER TRACKS, BUT THESE COME FROM RED BASIN!

AND THIS HORSE CAME FROM THE WAGON TRAIN!







AS THE LONE  
RANGER RECLUSES  
HIS BINOCULARS,  
THE PLAINS SEEM  
TO SWARM WITH  
MENACING GANGES  
AND WARRIORS.











ANY MORE SHOOTIN' WILL  
BRING THE SETTLEERS! IF WE  
FIRE AT THOSE TWO, THEY MAY  
RETURN FIRE IN SELF-DEFENSE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL  
GET THE MARKED  
CRITTER ALONG WITH  
THE REST OF THE  
PEOPLE! HEAD FOR THE  
BARN! WE'LL STRIKE  
SWIFTLY!



THEY'VE GOT ELLEN!  
I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT! GET  
BACK TO THE WAGONS AND  
BRING THEM AROUND!



I'LL RIDE BACK  
TO THE TRAIN!

COME ON, TONY! WE'LL CUT ACROSS  
THE WASH AND HEAD THEM OFF!

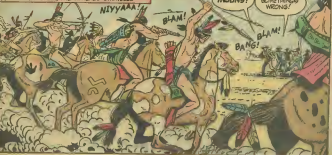


WE MUST REACH THE  
RED BARN OR THE APACHES  
MAY ATTACK AND KILL  
GIRL, TOO

I DIDN'T PLAN IT TO BE  
A DEATH TRAP FOR  
ELLEN! FASTER! FASTER!



AND AT RED BARN, THE APACHES STRIKE...





THEY'RE CIRCLIN'!  
WE'LL NEVER GET  
ATTIE!

BLAM!

WHERE'S  
MICK?

BANG!



SUDDENLY, JUST SHORT OF THE PASS...

PULL UP! LOOK  
INSIDE THE BUSH!  
...APACHES!

THEY'RE BLAUGHTERED!  
OUR MEN'VE  
HAVEN'T A CHANCE  
IF THEY SPOT US!  
SWING AROUND!



THERE OUTLAW  
AND GIRL!

BUT SOME OF THE APACHES  
HAVE SEEN THEM! WE MUST SAVE  
ELLEN! FOLLOW ME, TONTO!



OUTLAW  
TURN  
BACK!

THE APACHES WILL BE ON THEM IN A  
MINUTE! HEAD THEM OFF AND TRY  
TO DRAW THEM TO US WITH  
YOUR FIRE!

BANG!

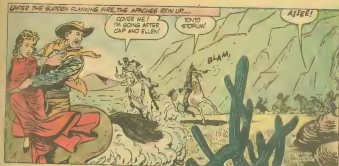


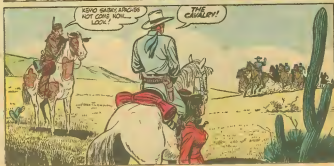
MATURE LEADER  
FALL!

AND NO DOGS ONE OF THE  
APACHES! WE'LL TRY TO STOP  
THEM SO OUR CAN ESCAPE  
WITH ELLEN!

BLAM!

UNDER THE SUDDEN FLAMING FIRE, THE APACHES RUN UP...







WE KNOW THE VULTURE GANG DOUBLED BACK FROM THE SOUTH AND HEATED HERE! THE MASKED MAN MUST BE ONE OF THEM COVER HIM!

WAIT! HE JUST SAVED ME FROM THE GANG!

REACH!



THE GANG WAS PLANNING TO AMBUSH THE WAGON TRAIN IN RED BARN! HE AND THE INDIAN RESCUED ME FROM THE VULTURE'S LEADER, MIKE!

MIKE! THAT'S THE LEADER'S NAME ALL RIGHT!



HE'S DEAD! THE APACHES KILLED HIM THIS MORNING OF RED BARN!

THE APACHES FORGAVE THEM AND UNMASK THAT MAN... THIS STORY IS GETTING TOO FANTASTIC!



I'LL GET RID OF THIS MARK PRINT!

COLONEL! COLONEL!

THE RECONNAISSANCE SCOUT! WHAT IS IT, BRADLEY?



I CAME FROM RED BARN! OUR JOBS BEEN DONE FOR US! THE APACHES WIPED OUT EVERY LAST KILLER OF THE VULTURE GANG! BUT THEY SUFFERED HEAVILY AND WON'T CAUSE MUCH TROUBLE FOR QUITE A WHILE!

WHAT? THEN THE STORY IS TRUE! RELEASE THEM!



BUT WHY DID THE APACHES ATTACK THE GANG?

WE FOUND AN APACHE SIGNAL ARROW ON THE PLAINS, KNOWING THE GANG WAS IN RED BARN, I CHANGED THE ARROW'S DIRECTION! THE APACHES ATTACKED AS THE ARROW POINTED!

IT'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE WAGON!



# Wolf Brother Returns

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From the massive, rocky outcroppings that rose above the plain, Wolf Brother the Pawnee, and Prairie Rose his bride-to-be gazed down on a vast stretch of lifeless dust. Every blade of grass, every weed and bush had vanished, ground into the earth by the thundering hoofs of stampeding buffalo. Dust still hung in the air, and covered the rocks, and turned from brown to gray the carcasses of four huge beasts that the stampede had crushed.

Over all hung a deathly silence. A silence so complete that a little gasp from Prairie Rose made Wolf Brother whirl in alarm! His arm caught the girl, just as she sank fainting to the rock.

"What—?" the young man began. Then he choked with sudden fear. The warm wetness on his hand that pressed the girl's back was—blood. An arrow wound! The Sioux raiders that had attacked them just before the stampede—

"It is not deep," Prairie Rose whispered, as he turned her gently onto her face. "I pulled out the shaft . . . so that you would not see it and be anxious during the fight! But the arrowhead is still there, broken off . . ."

Wolf Brother groaned. He could feel the stone arrowhead, half embedded in the bone of her shoulder blade. It must be causing her terrible pain—and already she had lost a

good deal of blood.

"Take your knife and cut it out, Wolf Brother," the girl said calmly. "If you do not, the arrowhead will cripple me—and I do not want you to have a crippled wife."

Wolf Brother could not speak. He drew his knife and performed the operation. Then he hurried down to the nearest dead buffalo and cut a broad strip of hide for a bandage. It was the best he could do.

Prairie Rose was feverish that night, but in the next two days her strength returned rapidly. Wolf Brother dried buffalo meat over a little fire, so that they would have no lack of food . . . But water was the real problem—water and the lack of a horse to carry Prairie Rose on the trail home! The tiny pool of moisture left from the last rain in a hollow of the rocks would be gone in another twenty-four hours.

"I am going to hunt a pair of horses for us," the young Pawnee told his Prairie Rose, that last morning. "I shall follow the buffalo. Somewhere in the wake of the Great Herd I shall find meat hunters—perhaps the very Sioux who tried to kill us . . . Pray to the Great Spirit that my 'medicine' may be strong!"

"I will, Wolf Brother!" the girl replied with a smile. "And I know you will come back to me."

Before leaving, he laid the girl's bow beside her, and half a dozen reclaimed Sioux arrows. He had spread a buffalo hide over her niche in the rocks to keep off the sun. Two other hides made her a bed. The fourth one Wolf Brother had made into a braided row-hide lariat.

All day he traveled, at a steady, mile-eating lope. Always his eyes searched the horizon, the dips and folds of the land, for sign of his enemies. Just before dark he found them—the bones and heads of buffalo, killed for their meat, and cut up by squaws. The marks of travois poles, pulled by horses, showed the direction of the camp.

Wolf Brother went on, more careful not to be seen. At nightfall, he came to a dry creek, and a scent of smoke in the air. Far down the creek bed he caught the glimmer of a camp-fire.

It was a camp of the Sioux: a score of braves and as many squaws. The men were lolling at ease, finishing their meal. Wolf Brother's mouth watered, but he moved noiselessly aside—to look for the horses.

There was only one horse-guard. Crawling upwind, Wolf Brother gave the horses no chance to smell him and snort a warning. At the last moment, he rose silently up behind the guard with a five pound stone in his hand. There was a dull "Thump!"—and the guard slipped ~~unseen~~ from his pony.



Instantly, Wolf Brother was on that pony's back. With a shrill whoop he swung his coiled lariat. The horses bolted, like scared coyotes. Faintly, from the direction of the Sioux camp, came answering whoops of rage.

Ten miles from camp, Wolf Brother roped the two best horses in the bunch, and let the rest scatter. Sioux trackers would have trouble telling which of them bore a rider.

Down was a pale glimmer in the eastern sky when he rode into the shadows at the base of the Buffalo Rocks. There he tethered his horses. Quietly, hoping to surprise his Prairie Rose, he climbed to the niche where she would be sleeping.

Just outside the tiny shelter he halted, aghast. The place was empty! Even the girl's bow and arrows were missing. But her bed was still warm!

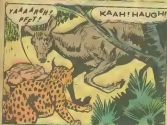
"Stolen!" muttered Wolf Brother through tight, clenched teeth. "Some enemy has found her—within the time that a man could run ten bowshots!"

Like a wounded panther, he bounded toward the high point of the Rocks—only to halt with a glad cry at the sight of the girl's lithe figure. The next instant Prairie Rose was in his arms.

"I climbed up to watch for you, Wolf Brother!" she told him. "I could not wait until the sun came up! But now—now, all is well!"



# YOUNG HAWK



THE KNIFE-SHARP HOOPS OF THE ODE BRING ANOTHER  
SQUALL OF PAIN AND ANGER FROM THE SLAYER OF  
HER FAWN.



STRAIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MARAUDER FLIES  
YOUNG HAWK'S ARROW ...





HIS FUR WILL MAKE A  
SOFT CUSHION FOR  
THE CANOE ---



--- AND THE FANS WILL MAKE  
OUR SUPPER! MY ONE ARROW  
BROUGHT ME A DOUBLE PRIZE!  
MY MEDICINE IS VERY STRONG!



HARK! YOU ARE  
BACK SOON,  
YOUNG HARK,  
MY SON!

AND HE'S  
BROUGHT SOME  
--LOOK, HIGH  
CLOUD!



THIS IS GOOD HUNTING! THE  
NEXT TIME YOU MAY BE  
LUCKY, LITTLE BUCK!

I WASN'T LUCKY TOOK  
NEARLY GETTING  
CAUGHT BY A CATMAN  
--- AND HE ATE THE  
POSSUM I SHOT, TOO!

GRRR--



YOU BOYS CAN SKIN THE  
WILDCAT WHILE I COOK  
THIS MEAT.

I'M SO HUNGRY, I COULD  
EAT IT RAW!



TELL US A STORY, GRAND-  
FATHER HIGH CLOUD---  
BEFORE WE GO TO OUR  
BLANKETS.

VERY WELL, I WILL  
TELL YOU OF A TIME  
LONG, LONG AGO---

--- WHEN THE WILDCAT HAD A LONG, BUSHY TAIL---  
AND THE DEER HAD LARGE, SOFT HOOF--- AND THEY  
WERE NOT AFRAID OF EACH OTHER.



" IN THOSE DAYS, THE WILDCAT LIVED ON FISH---  
WHEN HE WAS HUNGRY, HE WOULD HANG HIS LONG  
TAIL IN THE WATER.



... AND PRETTY SOON A FISH WOULD SWIM PAST AND  
BITE THE LONG HAIR OF WILDCAT'S TAIL.



" THEN WILDCAT WOULD GIVE A GREAT JUMP ONTO THE  
BANK, AND JERK THE FISH OUT, STILL HOLDING TO  
HIS TAIL.



" ONE DAY, THE CAYMAN SAW A LARGE FISH HIBBLING  
AT WILDCAT'S TAIL. CAYMAN OPENED HIS GREAT  
JAWS, AND...



CHOMP!

SCREEOW!



OFF CAME THE TAIL AND THE FISH WITH IT!

"AFTER THAT, WILDCAT RODED THROUGH THE BAYDU COUNTRY, ANGRY AND HUNGRY, WITH HIS TAIL-STUMP SMARTING. HIS HEART WAS VERY BAD.



"WHEN HE SAW THE DOE AND HER FAWN, HE FORGOT THAT THEY HAD BEEN FRIENDS. ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS HIS FIERCE HUNGER.



"HE SEIZED THE LITTLE FAWN IN HIS JAWS--- AND THE MOTHER SPRANG UP IN FRIGHT."



"THE POOR DOE PAINED AT WILDCAT WITH HER BIG, SOFT HOOFS, BUT COULD NOT MAKE HIM DROP HER BABY."

"SO THE DOE PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT---- 'GIVE ME A WEAPON TO FIGHT WILDCAT AND SAVE MY FAWN!'"



"THE GREAT SPIRIT HEARD---- AND CHANGED HER SOFT HOOFS INTO SMALL DRES, HARD AND SHARP AS KNIVES."





KAH!  
KAH!  
KAH!

SCROW--

SHE BOUNDED AFTER WILDCAT--- AND THE SHARP, STABBING BLOWS THAT SHE STRUCK MADE HIM DROP HER FAWN AND RUN AWAY.



THAT IS WHY WILDCAT NEVER TRIES TO STEAL A FAWN, NOWADAYS --- UNLESS THE FAWN'S MOTHER HAS LEFT IT ALONE. THE HOOFS OF THE DOE ARE BETTER WEAPONS THAN WILDCAT'S CLAWS AND TEETH.

zzzzzz!



THAT WAS A VERY GOOD STORY, GRANDFATHER HIGH CLOUD?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN--- TO PUT LITTLE SUCK ASLEEP SO QUICKLY!

NEXT DAY, THE VOYAGERS RETURN TO THE BROAD MISSISSIPPI--- AND TURN THEIR BOAT SOUTHWARD.





THE AIR GROWS HOT,  
HIGH CLOUD--- AND VERY  
STILL!



THE SKY HAS TURNED THE COLOR  
OF A COPPER KNIFE! WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN, HIGH CLOUD?



IT MEANS THAT A GREAT  
WIND IS APPROACHING--- PER-  
HAPS A DEVIL WIND, THAT BREAKS  
DOWN TREES AND PILES UP THE  
RIVER LIKE A WALL! WE MUST  
HEAD INLAND SWIFTLY AND FIND  
SHELTER.



WHERE CAN WE FIND SHELTER  
FROM SUCH A WIND?

ON HIGHER GROUND---  
---IF OUR "MEDICINE"  
IS STRONG! I WILL  
KNOW THE PLACE  
WHEN I SEE IT!



THE DAYLIGHT IS GOING OUT!  
AND I HEAR A FARAWAY  
MORNING--- LIKE A  
BELLOWING OF  
BUFFALOES!

YES! THAT IS THE  
VOICE OF THE  
WIND! WE MUST  
HURRY!



THERE! THE LAND RISES!  
RUN THE CANOE ASHORE!



LIKE A GIANT'S HAND, THE HURRICANE STRIKES THE FOREST---AND BOOBS UP THE RIVER INTO A MIGHTY WAVE.



THE BAYOU WATER RISES ALMOST TO THE BIG, FALLEN TREE--- BUT NOT QUITE!



I--- CAN'T--- BREATHE!  
IS IT DEATH---  
GRANDFATHER?

NO--- IT  
WILL PASS!



BY MIDAFTERNOON THE SUN COMES OUT--- TO LOOK DOWN ON A TORN AND RUINED LANDSCAPE.



SEE, GRANDFATHER! OUR GANGE IS SAFE--- BECAUSE YOU MADE US CARRY IT UP HERE.

YES, YOUNG HAWK! THE DEVIL-WIND SEARCHED, BUT COULD NOT FIND US UNDER THE FALLEN TREE!



PICK UP THE FISH THAT THE WATER LEFT WHEN IT RAN BACK TO THE BAYOU! AND DRY TWIGS FOR A FIRE!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

HIGH CLOUD HAS  
BEEN GONE A LONG  
TIME! WHERE DO  
YOU THINK HE  
WENT, YOUNG  
HAWK?

I DON'T  
KNOW! HE TOOK  
FOUR HOLLOW  
GOURDS AND  
LEFT US--- AS  
SOON AS WE HAD  
CARRIED THE  
CANOE DOWN  
HERE!

HERE HE COMES NOW--  
WITH THE FOUR GOURDS  
ON HIS SHOULDER!

I FOUND IT, MY SONS---  
A SPRING OF FRESH  
WATER! I HAVE  
FILLED THE GOURDS!

BUT WHY GO TO ALL  
THAT TROUBLE,  
GRANDFATHER?

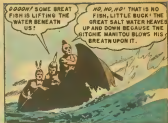
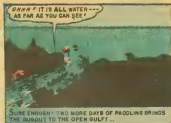
WOULDN'T THE BAYOU WATER  
DO, WE'VE BEEN DRINKING  
IT?

BAYOU WATER  
SPOILS QUICKLY  
IN A GOURD---  
AND SOON WE SHALL  
NEED WHAT I HAVE  
BROUGHT!

A FEW DAYS LATER, YOUNG HAWK DIPS UP RIVER  
WATER TO DRINK.

PAN! SPOTT! IT TASTES  
SALTY! TASTE IT, HIGH  
CLOUD!

HERE IS SWEET WATER, YOUNG  
HAWK! WE ARE HEARING THE  
GREAT SALT WATER NOW! SOON  
YOU WILL SEE IT WITH YOUR  
OWN EYES!



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It is sometimes said that the most dangerous animal on the North American continent is the mountain goat. No, he doesn't butt hun-

dry over cliffs! The high mountains and inaccessible valleys he lives in light for him!

*Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*